

Linda Lee, Inc.

by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Weeks slipped stealthily away, a spring ensuing like an excited lover, while delays on delays accumulated and still, the day when "shooting" should begin lingered remotely down tomorrow's dim horizon.

Lontaine had leased studio space in the Zinn plant, which Summer had recommended, as the most modern and completely equipped on the coast. For this the company was paying a weekly rental of fifteen hundred dollars. An expensive executive and technical staff, lacking only a director, was kicking heels of enforced idleness on full pay. A story had been selected, an old novel by a moderately popular author to which Zinn had in 1914 purchased all motion-picture rights outright for five hundred dollars and which he was now willing to part with for ten thousand as a special courtesy because he had taken such a mad fancy to Lontaine.

A scenario writer, warranted by Zinn "the best in the business," had received five thousand for casting the story into continuity form, the labor of one whole week, and retired rejoicing to his hundred-and-fifty a week job in the Zinn scenario department.

A reading of his bastard brain-child had persuaded Lucinda that continuity writing must be the mystery its adepts alleged; in fact, she couldn't understand the greater part of it, and what she did understand somewhat preyed upon her mind. But Lontaine seemed satisfied. Summer had soothed her misgivings with the assurance that Potter Monahan simply couldn't write a poor continuity, and both agreed that Barry Nolan would know what to do to make it right when he got down to work on it.

Incidentally, he did; Nolan read it half-through, thoughtfully, and dictated a continuity all his own, of which nobody but himself could make head or tail, and which at times in the course of its production seemed to puzzle even its perpetrator.

In the meantime Lucinda had moved to the Hollywood Hotel, the Lontaines to a furnished bungalow nearby, where they vainly pressed her to join them. She thought it wiser to decline.

"I'm far too fond of both of you to risk living with you," she explained. "Besides, it's high time I was learning to breathe in a proper motion-picture atmosphere."

This the Hollywood provided to admiration. Summer assured Lucinda, and on her own observation she could well believe that at one stage or another of their careers almost every motion-picture player or actress in the country must have registered at this hotel.

With most of these Lucinda became acquainted by sight, with many she grew accustomed to exchange smiles and the time of day. They made up to her saucily or shyly, according to the style they believed became them best. But on one point they were all agreed: they wanted work. Lucinda spoke to Lynn Summerland and was rewarded with a worried frown, the first sign of care she had ever detected in him, together with some well-chosen thoughts on the dangers of contracting hazardous hotel and acquaintance habits.

"First thing you know, they'll be trying to borrow money from you."

Lucinda was silent for want of a conscience that would sanction an indignant rejoinder.

"But this is, after all, Hollywood."

"No excuse for doing as the Hollywooders do."

"Then, I take it, you think it might be more discreet of me to stop rolling about with you?"

"Oh, Lord!" Summerland groaned. "I might've known better than to start an argument with a woman. I don't like to think of any outside influences working on you just now."

"Just now?"

"Distracting your attention from really important matters, like me and what you're going to do about me. I'm so desperately in love with you, Linda."

Lucinda said nothing for a little. She had been expecting this for days. Now that it came it found her, of course, unprepared. Nothing to complain of in that; a declaration of love, always final, a woman unprepared, no matter how long she may have been preparing for it. The primitive instinct of flight from the male is deathless, though it manifest only as in that one brief moment of panic which Lucinda knew.

She was glad of the darkness of that section of the hotel veranda where they had been sitting for a quarter of an hour after returning from dinner.

This had been bound to come before long. One knew the signs in a man who held his peace about as long as he could. Five weeks since that night when, the Beverly Hills bungalow, she had concluded that Summerland's interest in her was neither impersonal nor of a transitory nature.

The worst of it was, she was glad.

"Well, Linda?"

She put away her pensiveness, smiling to see Summerland bending forward in his chair, anxiously searching her face for a clue to her mind, but with the anxiety of impatient more than the anxiety of doubt. He wanted to have her in his arms. A pleasant place to be, perhaps; but she wasn't ready yet, she was not yet sure.

"Well, my friend," she said in amused indulgence—"so it seems you love me."

"How long have you known it?"

"Quite as long as you have loved me."

"And you—?"

"I don't know yet."

He ventured too confidently: "I don't want to hurry you—"

"You couldn't, Lynn. And—you won't be wise if you count on me."

"I'm going to count on you—unless you want me to think you're merely amusing yourself."

"But you don't think that. So be patient."

"I'm not at all sure patience and love are even related."

"Then I'm afraid the only kind of love you know is not the kind that lasts."

"If so, I'm glad I've known none that lasted; that leaves me free to be truly in love with you."

"That's rather clever of you, Lynn, almost too clever."

"I've got to be clever, I guess, to make you love me."

"Lynn, I'm afraid you're artful! Yes—and much too experienced! You'd better go now before you talk me into something that isn't real."

"If you do love me, you aren't wanting anything else."

"I don't, but you're really like to get rid of me."

"For tonight, yes. I need to be alone to think—about you."

Lucinda stood up, a maneuver that lifted Summerland unwillingly out of his chair.

"I've never tried to kiss you, Linda."

"And won't, I know, till I want you to."

"Confound you! That's what I get for giving you an opening to put me on my honor."

"Don't go before you've answered my question about these unlucky women."

"I'm sure I don't know. You can't turn Linda Lee, Inc., into a refuge for misguided females."

"There's one girl in especial I'm worried about, Lynn. She seems so ill and wretched. And even so, she's pretty."

"What's her name?"

"Miss Marquis—Nelly Marquis. I think she said."

Summerland had just then opened his cigarette case. A thoughtful pause he shut it with a snap, neglecting to help himself to a cigarette, and replaced it in his pocket. Then, becoming sensible of the query in Lucinda's attitude, he asked in a dull voice: "What name did you say?"

"Nelly Marquis. Why? do you know her?"

"I know a good deal about her. Rather a bad lot, I'm afraid. Look here, Linda, I wish you'd drop her."

"Don't be stupid, Lynn."

"I'm not, I mean it. I can't very well tell you what I know, but I do hope you'll take my word for it and cut this woman out. She's really not the sort you can afford to get mixed up with."

"You're sure, Lynn? You really want me to understand she is—what you're trying to avoid saying?"

"Yes—and more. I'm in earnest, Linda. I think you might trust me. After all, I ought to know my way about Hollywood; I've lived in it long enough."

"Of course I trust in you, Lynn. I'm sorry, though, I felt so sorry for her, she didn't seem one of the usual sort."

"She isn't." Summerland gave a curt, meaning laugh. "But you said you wanted to get rid of me, and I think I'd better go before the old curiosity gets in its fine work and you ask me questions I wouldn't care to answer."

He possessed himself of Lucinda's hands again and kissed them while she looked on with lenient eyes, more than half in love already. Why, then, must she persist in hanging fire with him? Was it merely crude, primordial instinct prompting her to withstand the male till his will prevailed? Or was there something wanting in the

man, some lack divined by a sense in her subtle, anonymous, and inarticulate?

Infinitely perplexed, Lucinda lingered on where Summerland had left her.

The engine roared as his car swung down the drive, then changed its tune to a thick drone as it took the boulevard, heading away for Beverly Hills.

Impossible to understand herself, to read her own heart, make up her mind—

A thin trickle of sound violated the mid-evening hush, a broken and gusty beating of stifled sobs that for a time she heard without attention, then of a sudden identified.

Entering through the french window and kneeling, Lucinda touched gently the shoulder of the stricken woman. "Please!" she begged. "Can I do anything?"

In a convulsive tremor the woman choked off her sobs and lifted her face to stare vacantly. Enough light seeped in from the street to reveal the features of Nelly Marquis.

Her voice broke huskily on the darkness: "Who are you?"

"Miss Lee—Linda Lee. Can't I do something?"

With startling fury the girl struck aside Lucinda's hands and at the same time flung herself back and away.

"No!" she cried thickly. "No, no! Not you! Go away—please go!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)



"GO AWAY—PLEASE GO!"

WATSON ASSAILS WILSON'S RULE

Senator Points Out Waste and Wreckage of Democratic Administration.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 24.—Efficient and wise management of the nation's affairs, both domestic and international, and substantial results in relieving "the evils of eight years of Democratic misrule," were claimed for the Harding administration in an address here today by Senator Watson, Republican, Indiana, before the Indiana Republican state convention.

For years it has been the custom of Indiana Republicans to have the keynote of the national campaigns sounded before them, and Senator Watson's speech, which was discussed in advance with President Harding, will be incorporated in the party literature for the congressional campaign this fall.

Senator Watson praised the executive, legislative and diplomatic record of the present administration and flayed the recent Democratic administrations as "debt incurring, industry-paralyzing, prosperity-destroying, social-upheaving, and catastrophe-producing."

"We are not responsible for all this waste," he declared, "we did not produce all this wreckage. We did not incur these debts. We have not piled up this mountain of obligations and those gentlemen who are responsible for all this riotous orgy of extravagance and all this upsetting of industry and unsettling of financial conditions, now stand and jeer at us because in fourteen months we have not overcome all of the evil they produced in eight years."

"We have not yet accomplished all that we have set out to do," he continued. "We have not cured all the ills and corrected all the mistakes."

FOUR ARRESTED FOR DEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 23.—Four men were under arrest charged with manslaughter today in connection with the death of Robert Turney, a boxer, who died Saturday from injuries alleged to have been suffered May 17 in a boxing bout. Two other men were ordered arrested on the same charge but had not been apprehended early today.

EVERY BIT OF DULLNESS disappears with a Golden Gint Shampoo—Adv.

Not an insect powder, no dust or mias; will get rid of insects, and will actually kill them. Kills Mosquitoes, Cooties, Bed Bugs, Fleas and Ants and puts an everlasting to the Pesky Devil, as it destroys future generations. Impossible for them to exist with its proper use.

Get from your Druggist's a 50c package; this will make a quart; each package contains a patent spot to get them in the hard-to-get-at places. Special Hospital and Hotel size makes five gallons. P. D. Q. can also be purchased in liquid form in a handy bottle with patent spot in each package. Your Druggist can tell you or get it for you.

Martin Bros. Drug Co. Crane's Drug Store.

A REAL BARGAIN FOR— Dollar Day!

- 1 Pair Baby's Rubber Pants
- 3 Nursing Bottles
- 4 Nipples
- 1 Cake Johnson's "Red Cross" Baby Soap
- 1 Can "Red Cross" Baby Talcum

All Five of these at \$1

FORTNEY DRUG CO.

TO CONVENIENT STORES
Store No. 1—Watson Hotel Bldg. Main Street—
Store No. 2—Jefferson Street next to Traction Office

THIRTY-SIX TO BE GRADUATED TODAY

Barnes to Present Diplomas to Fairview Grade Students.

FAIRVIEW, May 23.—According to an announcement made yesterday, the annual grade commencement exercises will be held in the First M. E. Church auditorium tonight, beginning at 8 o'clock. In addition to the address which will be delivered by Principal W. E. Buckley of the Fairmont High School, the grade chorus will render several special songs, and Miss Martha Bentel of Fairmont has consented to sing a few solo songs. W. D. Yost, president of the board of education, will not likely be present because of a serious illness, but in this case, County Superintendent I. A. Barnes will distribute the diplomas.

The program has been announced as follows:

Song, "Silver Eyes" Grade chorus
Invocation Rev. R. L. Manes
Solos
(a) "Dawn"
(b) "I Know a Hill"
(c) "Tis Spring"

Miss Martha Bentel
Address W. E. Buckley
Song, "Swing Song" Grade chorus
Presentation of class
Presentation of diplomas

W. D. Yost
Benediction Rev. I. S. Taylor
Song, "Swing Song" Grade chorus

The class of 1922 is the largest that has ever been graduated from the local school and ranks high in scholarship. Thirteen of the thirty-six graduates received an average of 90 per cent or above in the diploma examination which was held in the latter part of March. Miss Mary Sturm led all eighth grade students in the district with a general average of 97.

Those who will receive diplomas tonight are Hazel Ammons, Ruth Barr, Nellie Billingslea, Ralph Boor, Mildred Burton, Grace Clayton, Dorothy Darrah, Willis Darrah, Austin Dodd, Oren Eddy, Shannon Eddy, Clifford Fox, Wayne Fox, Edwin Greaser, Orville Hanes, Milford Jones, Romaine McCoy, Hugh Machesney, Paul Maness, Dorothy Mitchell, Mary Mitchell, Myrtle Parish, Ada Pyles, Mary Shriver, Deward Talkington, Dorothy Tennant, Earl Tennant, Harriet Underwood, Mae Underwood, Marie Underwood, Leroy Wells, Clifford Yost and Mary Sturm.

Memorial Services.

Letters have been sent to the members of the local post of the American Legion requesting their presence in the parade on May 30. Spanish and Civil War veterans have been sent special invitations.

Ball Game Today.

The American Legion baseball team will clash with the Fairview High School baseball team this afternoon on local grounds in a contest which promises to be a hard fought battle for local honors. Both teams are evenly matched, and the public is guaranteed an interesting game. Min-

gerella will likely fill the mound position for the Legion team, while Mason or Knisely will pitch for the high school team.

The Legion team is scheduled to meet the Fairview Independents at 5:30 o'clock Friday evening on local grounds.

Personals.

W. D. Yost is seriously ill at his home on Merchant street.

Mrs. J. Y. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. James Sutton are in Pittsburgh visiting relatives.

Claude Jarvis was a business visitor to Fairmont yesterday.

Marion A. Gump and son Draper are painting the residence of J. A. McCoy at Gray Flats this week.

J. F. Copp and wife were among the invited guests at the alumni reunion last night.

Mrs. Lee Amos was visiting Mrs. J. C. Collins on Washington street yesterday evening.

L. J. Myres and others completed the mowing of the M. E. Church lawn yesterday evening.

Monroe Hamilton was transacting business in Fairmont yesterday.

It takes 62,000 clover blossoms to make one pound of honey and it would take one bee 2,750,000 journeys to bring this one pound home.

STOPS HEADACHES JUST LIKE MAGIC

Druggist Says If Ache Fails to Stop in Few Minutes He Refunds Money

A NEW DISCOVERY

The ache in most headaches (the severe kind) are due to congestion or unnatural contraction of the involuntary muscles. These muscles can be relaxed and ache completely stopped in a few minutes. You wonder where pain has gone.

If troubled with headaches or Neuralgia, come to the drug store, buy bottle of "Adams' Wonder Capsules"—take 3 doses (6 capsules) and if all pain and signs of headache or Neuralgia fail to completely disappear we cheerfully refund the money. They are harmless as salt. Guarantee is good on mail orders. We prepay dollar bottle genuine Adams' Wonder Capsules anywhere or send C. O. D. Parcels Post. Crane's Drug Store, Fairmont.

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asking their participation in both the parade and memorial services.

Former soldiers "in uniform will assemble at the Legion Hall where the parade will be formed.

The march will lead to the local cemetery where the following program will be rendered:

Memorial prayer Post chaplain
List of dead Post commander
Song, "Soldier Rest"

Short address Rev. I. S. Taylor
Song, select High school octet
Decoration of graves with flag
and streamer Post sergeant
Salute Firing squad
Taps Bugler.

Alumni Association

The High School Alumni Association of the Fairview High School held its seventh annual reunion in the high school auditorium last night where a short program was rendered, consisting of music, readings, and short talks.

Following the program, refreshments were served to the present members of the entertainment committee. O. C. Tennant was master of ceremonies and gave the principal address in which he urged a co-operation with school officials in increasing the scope and efficiency of the high school.

Other Events.

With the annual class sermon to the graduating class of the local high school and the section of the union of former graduates events of history, there still remain some important numbers on the week's schedule which will likely interest not only local people, but many from the section of the state. Tomorrow night the high school literary societies, Shakespearean and Ciceronian, will contend for honors in debate, reading, oration in the auditorium of the local M. E. Church.

This is an annual contest between representatives of these two societies, and the battle rages more fiercely each year.

Last year the Shakespearean society won the silver cup which is given to the society scoring the most points and this year the Ciceronians are out to recapture the cup. Thursday night will be the senior class day program. Friday night, the largest crowd that has ever attended a commencement exercise in this section is expected to assemble at the First M. E. Church to hear former governor John J. Cornwell, deliver the commencement address. Saturday night, the screen production, "The Miracle Man," will be shown in the high school auditorium.

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